

The World
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HELP THE TREE.
The sharp tooth of Winter has fastened itself on the citizen of this town, and the man with the thinnest cuticle and the lightest wardrobe feels the heavy old boy's incisors with the most discomfort.
But cold weather is good for Christmas Trees. As the man with the blue nose and warm heart awakens to the fact that it is awfully nipping, there comes, as a consolation, the thought of what a glow Christmas joys charge the soul with, especially the artless, impressionable souls of children, and most especially the souls of poor children.
When the good man has reached this stage of thought, let the next step be to recall the Christmas Tree of THE EVENING WORLD, and the thing is done. He will want to help it on, and he will.
The readers of THE EVENING WORLD have had their generous spirit put to the test too often to make a counting on their heavy co-operation an illusory hope. No, they will assist, and this Christmas, like the past, will witness a crowd of poor children beaming with happiness around the graceful tree whose abundant fruit has grown and ripened in the sunshine of human sympathy and warm-heartedness.
Only be prompt and let not delay impair the value of your offering. Five dollars now is not a cent more than it is three weeks from now. Neither is one dollar. Be of a cheerful alacrity.

MR. PARNELL.
The influence of Mr. GLADSTONE in Irish affairs is a potent one. Mr. PARNELL's persistent hold on the leadership of the party threatens it with the loss of all that Mr. GLADSTONE's efforts confer upon it, and offers no compensation for that loss.
There is no question of CHARLES STEWART PARNELL's ability as a leader of the Irish cause, no question but that he has achieved for it by his leadership substantial good, and, as a consequence, he merits the undying gratitude of the Irish people.
But PARNELL's attitude in this crisis exposes him to serious suspicions. Many members of his party, men of weight and influence, have urged him to withdraw. To sink himself for the benefit of that unhappy country, which he professes to love with the purest patriotic ardor, would be the soundest proof of sincere devotion.
If Mr. PARNELL elects to work for his own aggrandizement rather than for the good of Ireland, the voice of his people should be clear and quick in denunciation of his selfishness. Gratitude does not demand the subordination of a nation's weal to the personal advantages of any one man.
Is Mr. PARNELL inexorable or not?

GIVE IT EVERY CHANCE.
The bone-grafting experiment at the Charity Hospital on Blackwell's Island has gone so far that, whatever sentiment may prevail in regard to it, there should be a unanimous feeling that no condition which may contribute to success ought now to be omitted.
The dog Yip is thinning down under the boning process, and cotton is wadded into the hollows of the cast created by his wailing avoidances that he may not rattle around and disturb the knitting of the bones. It is said that the doctor intends keeping the dog and boy fastened together for a fortnight more, as the result would be very disastrous if the cast were broken and Yip should break away.
Don't let maudlin sentiment interfere. Even if the dog dies he has lived a noble life, for a dog. To mend a boy and rescue him from a crippled condition is worth a dog's life at any stage of the world's progress.

TOBACCO AND LONGEVITY.
The statement of abnormal human longevity is so frequently accompanied by the remark that the long liver never used tobacco in any shape that the abbreviating force of that cheering narcotic is inferred. All lovers of the weed will be glad to learn that Mr. ISAAC BRANDESTEIN has touched his hundredth year and that six vigorous great-grandchildren can rise up and say: "Great-grandpa has smoked ever since he was fourteen!"
The failure of B. K. JAMISON, the Philadelphia banker, will rattle State Treasurer BRYAN, of Pennsylvania, who deposited the State funds without interest and with no other security than the bonds of JAMISON's house, which are worthless now. This way of doing business is so gratifying to the men who lose the money!

Postmaster-General WANAMAKER is giving a good deal of serious attention to THE WORLD's proposition for an improvement in the metropolitan postal system. Such consideration does Mr. WANAMAKER credit, and measures to secure it on his part will still further commend his intelligence to New Yorkers.

The dwellers in South Mount Vernon, Woodlawn, Williamsbridge, Bedford Park, Tremont and Bedford have organized and demand of the Harlem River Railroad a street car for their homes. If the "L" road,

whose concern for its own interests is not weak, can carry people a like distance for a nickel, why shouldn't the Harlem Railroad do the same?

Mr. PORTER will not gain much in the esteem of New York if, as is reported, a late statement of this city's population shows 125,000 more than the first sent out by the Census Office.

GILROY has ordered the holes in the streets to be closed so as not to interfere with business during the holidays. Small favors gratefully received.

If Mr. INGLETON is defeated in his Senatorial fight he may write a novel. O that mine enemy might write a book.

Mr. QUAY is in Washington telling fish stories, but he is mum as an oyster on the subject of politics.

The Wicked GIBBS has confided to the Machiavellian PLATT that they are both "in the soup."

SPOTLETS.
Naturally, Dr. Koch exhibits his germ-side.

No matter how fast the horse was which he rode the other day, he was the faster.

Goodword says his hired man wears no... He had lost his too easily.

Nobody can say "a copper" is remote in his club suite.

Down in the front, in his immense... A lady had been invited.

Where is Mrs. Jones? "Oh, she has gone to the sweet boy and boy."

"Chips" are the best fuel for consuming greenbacks.

The owner of a microphone would rather own his loss.

The Spring team can't hold a candle to a dynamite team as a general locomotion.

"Charles is full of himself," said his proud mamma.

"Yes, so I should suppose," said the other lady, looking at Charles's puffy face.

WORDLINGS.
It takes 22,000 bonnets a year to cover the heads of the female soldiers in the Salvation Army.

The army has property amounting to more than \$100,000 in the various countries where it is established.

Some one with a fondness for statistics has discovered that the average man drinks 175 hogsheads of liquid during the course of his lifetime.

Twenty-eight per cent. of all the students in the University of Michigan are women.

Marshall Campbell, who has been called the George Washington of the French cause during the Orleans war, is now eighty-three years old.

He is stout, but full of energy and eager to take part in another war before death comes to upon him.

The first Socialist to be elected to Congress in John Davis of Kansas. He is sixty-four years old and has twice been an unsuccessful candidate for Representative. He was a neighbor of Abraham Lincoln for nearly twenty years.

THE GERMAN OPERA.
An extremely enjoyable interpretation of "Tannhauser" was given at the Metropolitan Opera House last night, and the occasion was particularly interesting owing to the appearance of articles new to this country.

These were Frau Antonia Mielke, a prima donna from Cologne, and Herr Gudehus, well known in Berlin, Bayreuth and Dresden.

Of the musical endowments of these artists much can be said and praise. Herr Gudehus has a wonderfully pure tenor voice, and acted with much dramatic fire.

Frau Mielke's clear and powerful tones were distinctly acceptable. Karl Fischer and Theodore Reichmann, two Metropolitan Operatic favorites, made their reappearance and were very cordially received.

THE WAYS OF WOMAN FAIR.

Fads, Fancies and Fashions That Delight the Gentler Sex.

The Sin of Age—The Evils of Cheering Gum—Woolen Goods in Abundance—Amateur Dress-makers Should Pay Most Attention to Bodices.

The saddest thing in life that comes to a woman is age. It is the one sin that the world cannot forgive. Hence the value of self-preservation. Women can keep off wrinkles and sallow spots by frequent bathing and simple food, fruit and grains are the best.

Even wrinkles can be kept at bay a long time. Good nature and actually help, and so will some softening lotion upon the face every night. Pure glycerine, thinned with water, is excellent. Rub it thoroughly upon the face, neck and hands just before going to bed. It will do a great deal to smooth out the grim wrinkles, and even soften the whole face. Glycerine water is also an excellent lotion. Soak a couple of oatmeal in five cups of water for twenty-four hours. Strain it several times. Strain through a sieve; bathe the face and hands at night with this, letting it dry in. Bathing the face daily in rain water is also an excellent way to improve the skin. It softens and whitens it, and acts as a tonic upon all the tissues.

Mrs. Harrison is President of the Society of the Daughters of the Revolution, whose object is to secure and preserve historical localities, and to erect thereon suitable monuments to the memory of the men and women who helped to make the Revolution and Constitution possible. The daughters propose to hold an annual gathering on Oct. 11 in honor of the discovery of America by Columbus, but their immediate occupation is to secure a worthy collection of Revolutionary and pre-Revolutionary relics, to be first shown at the Chicago Fair, and then made a permanent exhibition in Washington.

With Millers shoes, silk stockings, embroidered and open-worked, are much worn. These stockings are not always black, but of some dark color, matching the toilet in some way or other. Sometimes their color recalls that of some trimming or accessory of the dress, sometimes they are entirely matched to the dress itself. Thus with a dress of dark navy blue, with a red pattern, the stockings are identically alike, with a coffee-colored waist, trimmed with blue, they are coffee-colored, embroidered with blue silk spots.



The chateaux, with its jingling bells and half a hundred odd toys, is again to the fore. This year it must have not only the usual accompanying of tablets and pencils and pin-cushions, but it must also show a tiny little silver walnut that when open contains a little powder-puff and enough powder to last for an evening.

The black velvet pelisse, lined throughout with ribbed silk of some light color, such as gold, yellow, fire-red or smoky-violet is the most fashionable and elegant of mantles for the carriage.

The counters of the shops are piled high with woolen goods, for wool is still "the only wear" on the streets throughout the Winter. House-surfaced stuffs prevail, recalling the blanketing of last year; but though woolly and rough in appearance, these fabrics are light in weight, being almost always in their weaving, simple, clinging and pleasantly soft to the touch.

Flecked homespun, fleecy camel-hair, broad twills with bourette stripes, knickerbocker effects, and Astrakhan plaids are among the recently imported textures.

Measure is the fashionable color and one of the hardest to wear. The woman who cannot wear it and does generally looks like a jaundiced patient.

The amateur dressmaker who designs her own wardrobe will find the beauty and variety of her gowns in her bodices, as skirts are uniformly simple for plain and rich materials alike.

For homespun, serge or Cheviot dresses the habit bodice remains the best style, made with the front lapped high on the left side, and sloped to a dull point below the waist; small fastenings buttons down the sloped edge, and a similar row of buttons is down the right side. The square habit back is without plaits, and is stitched on the edges; two buttons define the waist in the middle-front seams. The sleeves are close below the elbow, and slightly full at the top to round above the armholes. One or two rows of stitching define the edges more strictly than several rows.

For a cold on the lungs, lay on the chest a cloth which has first been wrung out in boiling water and sprinkled with turpentine.

The one new encouragement to matrimony that the modern fashions have to offer is long sleeves. At country-house dances and in all our preparations for later Winter festivities we are going in for pure womanliness in the shape of white crepe or embroidered muslin from wrist to shoulders. Surely it is a bold stroke to test the power of modesty by veiling on the waxed floor and in the conservatory the fascinations of rounded arms. The carrying outfit might suggest the veiling of necks also, but the carrying outfit is never satisfied. No reasonable being can question this final proof that woman still aspires to be man's guide, philosopher, and friend.

Tapestries and other woven fabrics, however rich they may be, should never be used for wall-hangings unless they can be readily removed and thoroughly cleaned. The best method is to hang them by hooks from a molding just below the cornice of frieze, giving them fullness enough to hang easily without breaking or confusing the design. Some of the printed cottons, particularly those made by the English "pet-rabbit" William Morris, make admirable wall-hangings. Floral forms, generally conventional, are used in their designs, and wherever the space will permit the designer pretends to cover the wall without the division of dado and frieze lines. When wall-hangings are fastened in place they are usually

An Inducement.
[From the Boston Stationer.]
Merchant—I don't want your paper.
Cavasser—If you will subscribe, I will see that a good obituary notice will be published in the paper when you die.

Limited Time.
[From the Boston Stationer.]
Impatient Passenger—Is this the fastest train into Boston?
Pompous Conductor—This, sir, is the limited. Impatient Passenger—Then I should advise the tourist to take the limit.

A Designation of His Quality.
[From the West Shore.]
McKorkle—Is Col. Webster an officer in the regular army or in the militia?
McKorkle—Neither; he isn't a military man at all. We call him "Kernel" because he's a harnum.

Last Night of the Fair.
The fifty-ninth exhibition of the American Institute, which has been a notable success at the Exhibition Hall on Third Avenue, will close tonight.

Catarh
It is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, cures the impurity which causes it, and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh of the eye, ear, nose, throat, and skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system.

to the thin strips of wood nailed to the walls, the thinner materials being laid in folds and their edges concealed by a strip of narrow border. Damask, tapestry, heavy cotton fabrics, and chintz are used in this manner. In sumptuously appointed rooms the richest upholstery fabrics are used on the walls, often tufted and padded as in furniture. This method of decoration is pretentious and impracticable. In this, as in all other branches of home decoration, we cannot do better than to keep always in mind that truth which William Morris so strongly emphasized: "Art has no foes so deadly as incoherence and waste." When simplicity gives way to extravagance and parade, even to what most people consider the small matter of furnishing and adorning one's dwelling, art and beauty are turned out of doors.

The life of Carmen Sylva is more interesting than that of most queens, because she would have been more interesting than most queens if she had not been a queen. It is a fascinating little tale, told by the Princess Stachelberg, of her running away when she was a little girl to go to school with the child's children. There was the small poet's democracy. She wrote verses when she was twelve years old, and truly began a novel at twelve. She wished to know a great deal, to be able to pass difficult examinations, and she achieved it.

The Kate Greenaway style is more fashionable than ever for children this winter. Little girls look delightfully quaint and old-fashioned in long skirts, waists under the arms and immense capotes completely concealing their pretty little heads.

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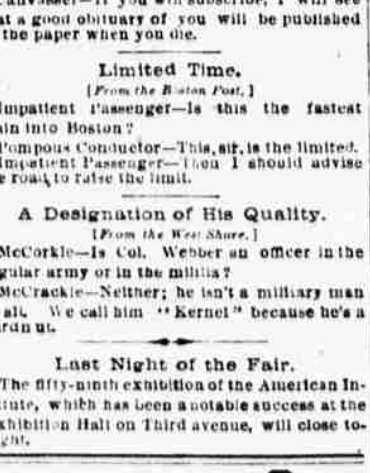
Deacon Barzoo—Our little friend, Sissy Milken, will now give us a recitation called "The Mighty Cataract of Niagara." Now, don't be afraid, Sissy.

THE YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY.
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THE CLEANER.

Impressionism in art may be a dequered taste, but when one gets to appreciate it the old style of color seems heavy and dull. Air and sunshine are great things to fasten on a web of canvas. Art is as variable as are types of the human countenance.

I hear that Mrs. Oliver Sumner Teall will appear in private theatricals next month at Staten Island and at the Berkeley Lyceum, that favorite stamping ground of the amateur. Mrs. Teall is a charming woman on or off the stage.

I cannot help admiring the astounding vitality of that perennial youngster, George Francis Train. His quick, enthusiastic interest in everything under the sun, and his ardent hair, his face, beamed with lines, suggest the cool of the wind with the thick white and which clothes it. Train is unique.

In the noisy, bustling crowd of college men in the Hoffman House barroom Thursday evening there was a young man of fine physique with a strong, honest face. He was the son of Rebecca Harding Davis, an old Princeton boy, athlete, journalist and the writer of very charming short stories. Mr. Davis's success has been swift and strong.

David Kahn tells me that he has given up trying to make a career in the courts. His reason is unique. "Every man who devotes himself exclusively to inhuman cases," said he, "is more than liable to have his own facilities impaired. My doctor told me I had to give it up."

Franklin Fretz, the well-known court reporter, is, perhaps, the only newspaper man in this city who obliges in the ownership of a cabin yacht. I ran across this yachting enthusiast the other day, and he gleefully informed me that his speedily thirty-footer, the Mistle, had been chartered by a party of Enghelmen to cruise in Southern waters this Winter. The boat has been the admiration of the members of the Brooklyn Yacht Club for two seasons, and its owner's knowledge of yachting news—past, present and future—would fill several volumes.

She was young, petite and pretty, and she stood on the uptown station of the Ninth Avenue Elevated road at Fourteenth street as the second Harlem express dashed up. "Forty-second!" next stop!" bawled the conductor, as she started to board the train. "Don't! This train stop before it gets to Forty-second street!" asked the charming creature, in surprise.

"No!" she persistently replied the guard. "Oh, my! What a funny train!" sighed the first passenger, who was a stout, graying woman from the horrid men on the train that made her face grow white and red by turns.

I very frequently see Gen. Sherman in a closed carriage wheeling along the Grand Central railroad platform. This is a singular sight, for the general is rapidly rising in popular estimation. The magnificent view of the Hudson to be had along the upper portion of the drive has made it a point of interest for those who are fond of enjoying a quiet picturesque and long ride. The hardness of the roadway material has alienated scores of people from the general's person. It is true, but the Boulevard has its own select patronage, too.

Samuel F. Felton, Jr., the retiring old Vice-President of the Erie, is a young man still in the shade of thirty with a most precocious talent for railroading. The Presidency of the East Tennessee system which has been thrust upon him is a just and fitting recognition of his ability, but the necessity of taking up his abode in Cincinnati will compel him to sever himself from a most winning smile: "I am sorry I cannot pay your book, for I really do not need it. Otherwise I should be delighted." Although the canvasser did not make a sale, he considered Mr. Depew one of the most charming of men. This is another illustration of the old saying that politeness costs nothing.

"Showy covers," said Mr. Alexander, the amiable young proprietor of the book stand at the Coleman house, "are everything. People buy books at these stands from their outward appearance. If I were a publisher I would send a few hundred dollars for a design for the cover of my book. It is a safe investment and will bring forth fruit very quickly."

Handsome Ed Finkelstone, who used to be such a power in local politics three or four years ago, has found more profit in joining Tammany Hall and being appointed interpreter in a district court, tells me that he is soon to wed. The future Mrs. Finkelstone is Miss Henrietta Levy, and the marriage will occur Dec. 12, at Lenox Hall, Third Avenue and Seventy-second street.

They need shoes and stockings, flannels, wraps, caps and dresses, and they must have them. They are proud little rogues, sturdy as Winter roses and merry as the sunbeams that peer in through the kitchen window and try to get in the oven to dance on their toes.

They are patient as pilgrims, good as children ever are, and they have an abiding faith in St. Nick.

Even the fat, dimpled baby crows and doubles up his fists when the magic saint is mentioned, and at night, when three little curly heads bow in prayer, three little voices say "and dear Lord send us a pair of shoes."

Now, gentle little readers, I want to tell you that these eight children have had no Thanksgiving dinner, no cheer and no fun of any sort.

They will have a dark, cold, cheerless Christmas—but perish the thought! I have been entered upon the roll of St. Nick and must be invited to one of THE EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Trees.

They must be entertained, dressed, feasted, delighted and sent home in flying colors, and you must come to the front with your favor and good will.

You know what a very little sum will dress a child. Be one of ten to pay for a suit. Send us a letter and a love coin.

Children have a right to be happy. Those children who are cold and neglected are not happy.

You can help them to get their rights, though, by sending a contribution. And you will, won't you? And be sorry about it, for Christmas is coming.

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Not a Jay Gould.
To the Editor: I enclose 10 cents and only wish it was ten thousand, but as I am neither a Jay Gould nor an Astor I send what I can. M. L. C.

Baby Bessie's Half-Dollar.
To the Editor: Please take this little mite to help swell your fund. May all the babies be as happy & Christmas as Baby Bessie. HENRY J. JOHNSON.

Another Dollar.
To the Editor: Enclosed please find \$1 for the Christmas Tree Fund. A. V. W. B.

Thanks, Cash.
To the Editor: Enclosed please find \$3 for the EVENING WORLD'S Christmas Tree Fund. CASH.

His Christmas Savings.
To the Editor: Enclosed please find 10 cents which I saved for Christmas presents. I give it to you for the children's Christmas tree. Hoping it will make some little boy or girl happy. WILLIAM MOORE.

One Who Knows.
To the Editor: Enclosed please find \$1 for the good of the children. I know what a great enjoyment it

CHRISTMAS BOXES

Help to Fill Them for the Poor Children.

It Takes Very Little to Make Them Happy.

Nell Nelson Tells of One Case and There Are More Like It.

Children are the flowers of human existence. They bring to life the sweetest pleasures, the purest love, the dearest hopes on earth. No matter what age we may have reached we cannot escape their dependence or fail to recognize the sweet influence of these little lives upon our own. To know them is to adore them. To see them is to envy their happy, sunny natures, their blessed trust and faith in humanity, and their keen enjoyment of the smallest and simplest pleasures.

Happily New York has thousands of homes where the children's lives are as beautiful and careless as wealth and position, culture and devotion can make them. Their education and training are the conscious duty of parents, teachers, relatives and friends. There are other homes, unfortunately more numerous, where the burdens of life are imposed upon tender little creatures almost as soon as they are out of the cradle.

If seeing is believing, let me show you the cruel way in which fortune disowns the children who have the right to be glad and happy and gay.

One hundred blocks uptown and down near the East River is the home of a hack-driver whose earnings do not average \$10 a week. His family consists of a wife and eight children.

In some unaccountable way these ten persons keep alive and keep a roof over their heads, which is all that can be said of their creature comforts.

The eldest girl is apprenticed to a dress-maker, and, being a novice, receives no remuneration whatever.

Her brother is also an apprentice, the mechanic allowing him \$1 a week for carfare, which is divided with the embryonic modiste.

Two children attend school and the other four remain at home in an almost naked condition.

Now, this is pretty bad weather for bare feet, however glorious it may be for athletes, but I assure you that these little ones have neither a shoe nor a stocking between them, and what is worse still, no prospect—no Santa Claus.

The mother showed me the receipt for her wedding ring which she had pawned for \$1.50 in order to buy one of the school children a pair of shoes.

The school life of the children of the poor, as shown by the annual report of the Board of Education, is but 600 days.

Now, the opportunities these children are losing for lack of decent clothing are incalculable, to make no mention of their bodily discomfort and the dangers to which their health is exposed.

It will be a long time before the oldest brother and sister can contribute to the general support of the family, and while the parents wait shrink from asking for help their little ones must not be allowed to suffer.

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DR. GREENE'S NERVURA.

Guaranteed Purely Vegetable and Harmless.

For Nervous Debility, Weak and Shattered Nerves, Tired Brain, Sleeplessness, Poor Blood and Debilitated System.

All who are weak, nervous, tired, languid, exhausted in nerve power and physical strength; who pass restless and sleepless nights, waking tired and unrefreshed mornings; who are despondent and depressed in mind; who have weary limbs and trembling nerves; who suffer from headache, neuralgia, heart and aches; who have palpitation or faint trouble, dyspepsia, indigestion, loss of appetite, constipation, kidney or liver complaints, nervous debility, nervous and physical prostration, paralysis, numbness, or any form of nervous disease, should use Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Dr. Greene's Nervura. Brain and Nerve Tonic.

"I